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WORK COPY

Series VI, #5

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(Following words were recopied on Feb 15, 1996 from another notebook, in the process of reorganizing these notes.)

Jan 6, 1975: Have come to Oakland, Calif. to see if I can find more lucrative work than seems to be available in Montana ---.

Feb 27 [1975]: It is an interesting fact that over the past few months women have been on my

mind a great deal. For most of the time that I was living alone in Montana, I had few thoughts of sex — If you don't see women, or [to next page]

pictures of them, or read about them, then you don't think about them. However, for some little while before I took that gas station job (see other notes), I had been thinking more than usual about women — though still not enough to cause much discomfort. The noteworthy point is that I thought not so much about physical sex as about love and all that kind of mushy stuff. I thought how nice it would be to have a squaw to share my life in the woods — especially if I could get up to Alaska or some such place. But it

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Oh! I always did have a soft spot for athletic women. They are so lithe, shapely, firm, vigorous, fresh ... Oh! Oh! Oh! They give me a big hard on. Now, when I shaved off my beard after coming down from the mountains in January, I left a little postage-stamp moustache under my nose, just to see what it would look like. It rather caught my fancy, so I decided to keep it. It must make me very handsome — or something must have increased my sex appeal; since coming to Oakland I have twice been approached

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that women have returned my gaze. Moreover, two of them — girls whom I had never seen before — said "hi" to me as I passed. (Both good-looking) And another one (very good-looking) gave me a big smile. (That one was running around Lake Merritt and I was running in the opposite direction). Another one, (very good-looking) I believe smiled at me, but that one was not clear-cut and I'm not sure. Nothing like that ever happened to me before — I can't quite explain it. When I was in college some good-looking girls showed they were

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didn't get really bad until I got infatuated with that damned little bitch at that service station. (see other notes) After I got over that, I still felt a strong desire to get some woman. Since coming to Oakland I have begun to feel almost desperate for women. I go running around Lake Merritt to keep in shape (I seem to run faster than practically anybody else I have seen running there — ha!) and there are quite a few females who run there too. And some of them are so beautiful!

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by homosexuals; and as for women — well, though I am generally shy with women, I have never been shy about treating myself to a good eyeful of goodlooking girls. Now, ordinarily when one looks over a woman when passing her on the street her eyes will at most meet yours for an instant, then flick away and stay away. In the past it has only rarely happened that a female under these circumstances has looked me in the eye and held my gaze. But in the last few weeks in Oakland it has happened several times

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attracted to me, but I don't recall ever having been greeted or smiled at by perfect strangers (girls) on the street. (Wait, I do recall one exception to that a few years ago.) No, they weren't whores — most of them looked clean-cut and innocent. I would have liked to make the acquaintance of these lovelies, but didn't have the nerve to just pick them up on the street like that, and didn't know how to go about it anyway. Well, yesterday I applied for a cruising job at a MacDonald's restaurant. There

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was one other applicant being interviewed — a good-looking girl probably in her early twenties. She mentioned to the interviewer that she was seriously involved in roller-skating — roller derby, or something — I don't know what it's all about. I thought she was very attractive. As I said, I tend to have a soft spot for athletic females. The situation was not suitable for commencing a flirtation — I did not speak to her. I might have had a chance to speak to her on the way out, but it was not a very good opportunity, and I had difficulty thinking

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front of it talking with her for a few minutes. I left with her name (Debbie Hechet [spelling conjectural]) and phone number, which she gave cheerfully at my request. I called her twice today intending to invite her out to supper, but both times the desk at the YWCA said she was out, so I'll have to try another day. I like her! So far, anyway. Attractive dark hair, no disgusting makeup, nice --- well, never mind for now. But I found it very easy to approach this girl even though I had

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females anyway. There were other factors too, but it would be too much trouble to explain them just now. Lately, however, my attitude toward attractive females has changed — I tend to have friendly feelings toward them, and little resentment. I think this is to a considerable extent the result of my life in the mountains, but it's too much trouble to explain that right now. Anyway, I have lately felt quite consistently determined to get a girl by one means or another, and that is very helpful. So we shall see what

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of something sensible to say; so I said nothing. There was no kind of flirtation and she did nothing to indicate she might find me attractive. Now, this morning, by chance, I happened to spot this girl walking down the street. I quickened my pace to catch up with her. When I pulled up with her, I said "Hello — weren't you applying for a job at MacDonald's yesterday?" She was obviously pleased by my attention and became very chatty and friendly. I walked with her to the YWCA, where she was staying, and stood in

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no special reason to think she would like me. I was nervous about it, of course, but not so much so as to give me any real difficulty. Perhaps I am not really so inhibited with attractive women as I thought. Formerly I had mixed feelings about women — I was much attracted to them but at the same time resented them and scorned involvement with them. My difficulty in approaching them perhaps was partly just a matter of having never really made a consistent, determined effort to get a girl — with at least half my mind I wanted to avoid

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happens with sweet Debbie — maybe nothing will come of it; maybe something very pleasant.

~~Ed 28~~: March 1: Further report on above: I certainly do not understand what makes females tick. Today I called that girl and asked her to have supper with me. She seemed rather cool about it. She said she had to train this afternoon [i.e. train for skating] and that she was often too tired to do ~~so~~ anything after training. She said I should call back at 4 o'clock and she would let me know then.

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Yours forever more,
Ted Kaczynski

underneath the signature I drew a picture of a broken heart.

Note: About 10 days after the above, I passed this Debbie on the street — on the opposite side of the street, however. I think she noticed me, but she avoided looking my way. She was probably wondering whether I was a dangerous nut or only a harmless one. But I don't mind!

March 19: Have just got back to my cabin. Found job market extremely bad in Oakland and my money had almost run out. So here I am, with maybe $200.00 to

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I was so pleased with my own sparkling wit that I wrote it down and sent it. I don't suppose she'll like it much, but that's okay, since I don't intend to pursue her any more anyway.

Dearest Debbie:

Obviously you don't want to go out with me at all. I called you back at 4 O'clock, the time appointed by you, and you declined to answer. I was utterly crushed. I ran and got my razor, intending to cut my throat, but I couldn't go through with it because I couldn't find a container to

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I called at 4 o'clock and she didn't answer. Presumably she was avoiding the call. She was so very cordial when I spoke with her on the street that I had not the slightest doubt that she liked me. And yet ...? O.K., you say, maybe she really was just tired from training. But if she liked me, you would have thought she would have hinted that she might like to hear from me some other time, even though it wasn't convenient just at present. Instead, she was cool about the whole thing. I just don't understand how women

operate. Of course, it is very disappointing — I found her very attractive. But, interestingly, it did not bruise my ego very much; I suppose because I am so pleased with myself at having been comparatively bold in approaching this girl (the sort of thing I always used to find excessively difficult). Also, I don't resent her very much for it. But I am certainly puzzled.

↓ Naturally I won't call her again.

March 2: Postscript on the above: The note below I composed in my mind for amusement; contemplating it,

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catch the blood in. I wouldn't want to spill it all over the floor. So I guess I'll just pine away and die of unrequited love, you cruel thing. Just to show that I'm selfless and noble and forgiving I'm going to remember you in my will. I'm leaving you my .30-30, my yo-yo, my six-point elk horns, and my jock strap. This last item should be laundered thoroughly before use. Also, I'm leaving you some advice that your mother should have given you: Never speak to strange men on the street.

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my name, but home again, anyway. Naturally, I feel defeated at not having found a job. But I did bring back one particularly pleasant memory from California, anyway. In connection with my current attack of lust, I joined the Sierra Singles, a section of the Sierra Club, in the hope of meeting some females with outdoor interests. I expected the Sierra Club to be a bit... well, ~~the~~ bourgeois, if you will pardon my use of that hackneyed expression, but it turned out to be much more so than I had ever dreamed. It seemed that

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It was very animated, humorous, and lively conversation and I derived immense pleasure from it. She obviously enjoyed it too. She received a fair sample of my brand of humor. She had the most fetching way of calling me an idiot. I was giving a mock-pedantic exposition of some nonsensical point, in which I said "If you really listen to what I've been saying, you'll see that . . . ." She completed the sentence for me with "You're an idiot!" That, of course, was rather less than a masterpiece of humor, but it is amazing how the most inane

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actually turned little of my attention to the girls on the hike itself. But I had much enjoyable conversation with a young woman maybe 25 years old in the car in which I rode to and from the hike. (They have a car-pool system for these hikes; I rode with 2 other men and this woman.) This was the pleasant memory I mentioned bringing back from Oakland. As soon as we were all in the car I commenced by asking her name, which was Trina (last name Enderlein, as I later learned). It turned out she was from Montana (Missoula) and she was moderately excited to learn that I was from

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the members were mostly just people who like to get a little mild outdoor exercise on weekends — not people to whom wild country has any great personal importance. By the time I got their list of activities and so forth it was almost time for me to leave Oakland, but I did go on 2 hikes, Saturday and Sunday, just before I left. The great majority of the women on these hikes were not good-looking enough to interest me. On the first hike there was one borderline case and one first-class beauty, named, I believe, Joan. The interesting thing is that I don't seem to be shy

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with girls any more. I found it as easy as pie to initiate conversation with this beauty. With indifferent results, however. She had a prim, ladylike, and tranquil manner; she seemed to be gracious and profoundly courteous. Her nature was such that it was impossible to tell whether she liked you or not; I'll bet she would have extended the same graciousness and courtesy to anyone who was not positively obnoxious. On the 2nd hike there were 4 girls appearing worthy of my attention — one of them was the beauty of the preceding day. I

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Montana, too. (It is amazing what an affection Montanans have for their state.) She had a very pretty face; her figure was only so-so, but she had loads of charm. On the way to the hike I turned most of my attention to her, and we had some pleasant conversation, but nothing special. At the hike I felt she was being somewhat unresponsive to my conversational attempts, so I left her alone all during the hike. On the way home she and I sat in the back seat, the other 2 guys in front, and most of the conversation was between us two.

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remark can sound fascinating when it issues from the laughing lips of a pretty young woman with sparkling blue eyes shining with animation. Her "You're an idiot" was so uninhibited and spontaneous and lively and good-humored that I remember it with particular pleasure. Actually, I have no evidence that she found me attractive particularly; I had previously observed her in conversation with ~~about 3 other~~ a group of about 3 other guys, and she was just as lively with them. Still, she clearly enjoyed my company on that ride, and what could

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be more delightful than to light up the eyes of a charming young woman with one's sparkling wit? Of course the cynic, the pessimist, the misanthrope might be so churlish as to question whether the adjective "sparkling" was fully justified. But she liked it, and that's what counts. She told me that she worked in the advertising business, to which I replied, "So you're one of those villains who manipulate our minds." She got rather defensive about it, answering that "I'm giving you input and you can do what you want with it." But she was defensive only momentarily, and

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I found her irritating more than anything else. She had no sense of humor (I don't remember ever hearing her laugh), and I never had a conversation with her that could be described as really relaxed, lively, friendly, and convivial. How I wish I could have pursued matters further with Trina! But I was leaving the next day. I now wish I had stayed on another couple of weeks, though that would have been cutting it too close for comfort money-wise. Still, if I could have gotten just one kiss from those inviting lips! . . . Oh well. It feels good to be back in my cabin, but there

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are no women up here, and I don't know when I will ever have another chance to meet women. I feel unhappy about it — I am nearly 33 years old, and in a few more years I may be too old to get young attractive women. And I have now decided that women are an experience I do not want to miss.

March 30: After the first few days back at my cabin I got over my desire for women. Hasn't bothered me since. We'll see whether it stays that way.

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we were immediately on good terms again. Of course, her answer was no more than a facile way of avoiding the issue, but so what? She was very pleasant company, so what do I care about her ability (or lack thereof) as a philosopher? It may surprise the reader to learn that I have never before done that sort of thing with a girl. For nearly 13 years I have had almost nothing to do with females. Before that the only one I had much to do with was Ellen Arl, and she was no good. Physically she was sufficiently attractive to be interesting, but personality-wise